

Kataomoi

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Summary: Disclaimer: I own neither the cover image nor the anime/manga. means unrequited love. Unrequited love is the most painful feeling in the world...

Kataomoi

He could never be yours. You knew that and you had accepted this bitter reality years ago. You could never hope to have a place in his heart because he had already given it to another.

You were always a very realistic person. Even in the days when girls dream of finding their prince charming, you understood that this was all nonsense. You thought love didn't exist. That all changed when you entered high school and you met him. You didn't like him initially; you thought he was arrogant, rude and self centered. Your opinion of him changed on that December night. You were walking home from your job and the sun had already set and the streets were mostly empty. You were attacked by some drunk men and were about to get raped when he saved you. He didn't have to save, you were nothing to him but he fought against terrible odds to protect your dignity.

Your feelings for him changed gradually; dislike changed into like and like into love. For the first time in your life you fell in love. You initially thought of it as a crush, an attraction that would fade with time. You clearly knew he loved another and it pained you to see him with her. You knew you could never have him because Usui Takumi was helplessly in love with Ayuzawa Misaki. You never tried anything, never tried to approach him let alone confess your feelings like other girls. It was useless. You cannot force someone to love you so you watched quietly and high school passed.

The years faded away but your love for him never did. You continued playing this game in which you were destined to lose. As you sat there in the back pew of the church and saw Takumi and Misaki

standing at the altar saying their vows, you could feel your heart about to burst. You quietly walked out the church and looked to the sky. The sun was shining brightly but in your heart it was raining. You looked down and began walking away with a bitter smile while wiping a stray tear running down your cheek. Love really was nonsense.

End
file.